

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—COOPER.



PADDY THE POST.

THE NEIGHBOURS OF KILMACLONE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE QUIET WEDDING.

As Cormick disappeared into the house, and the sound of the horse's hoofs grew faint in the distance, the small stooping figure of Terry O'Tool emerged from the clump of evergreens and looked cautiously round. The intelligence that had filled Cormick's parlour and kitchen with uninvited company, also brought the little hawker to the Lees, but at the entrance of

O'Dillon's premises his heart failed him. What if Honor had made known to her family his fruitless endeavours to draw her into a secret correspondence with Gerald Bourke, and not only her two high-spirited brothers, but whom he stood in greater dread of, Molly Dhu, were prepared to give him a particularly hot reception. It was hard to miss his share of the fun and the feasting which Terry knew would abound; it would be dangerous to proceed farther till he got some knowledge of the household opinion

regarding him; and while Terry lingered in hopes that somebody might come out from whom he could get that knowledge without committing himself, Fitzmaurice's approach made him seek shelter behind the evergreens, and thus the little hawker became an eye and ear witness of all that took place beside the meadow gate.

"This will be throublesome news for Mister Bourke"—Terry always muttered his thoughts to himself when alone—"and a merciful dispensary for me to have bin behind them bushes; he can't do less nor pay me dacentry now, and it's clane mad he'll go. But what's that glistenin'?" and Terry snatched up from the mossy ground, where it had been dropped in its owner's confusion, when Cormick interrupted his wooing, Fitzmaurice's signet ring.

"The ring Miss Honor wouldn't exchange wid him. That wasn't from her heart, anyhow. Well, it's a beauty, and worth a poor boy's findin' this lucky night. I'll show it to Bourke for a token that my intelligence is throue; bein' an attorney's son he suspects everybody, in course. I don't think he would ax to keep it, but if the like comes in his head, it won't go out o' my clutches undher five goulden sovereigns. Och! but they have the fun in there," he continued, gazing at the brilliantly lighted house, from which the sounds of festivity came now louder and clearer. "I don't think Miss Honor has tould thim anythin', but I'll not go in wid this about me, a boy doesn't know what might come over him when he's got a dhrop of Rory Lanagan's best, an' that's always to be got at the Lees. I'll go home an' lay it by in my money-box and get back to Ballinashandry early in the mornin'," and with another wistful look at O'Dillon's mansion, Terry walked quickly away.

The fun which he admired at such a prudent distance went on for many an hour, concluding with a supper at which toasts were drunk and speeches made in honour of the lately eloped, and it was sometime after midnight when the Lees was left in quiet and darkness. Cormick had announced his intention of getting Connell and Stacy married as soon as a licence could be procured from the Catholic bishop and a wedding dress from the milliner in Athlone, without any further reference to the hard-hearted uncle; but he was not unwilling that his neighbours should do what they could to bring Jaimsay to terms, and they were bent on the business to a man. A deputation consisting of all the elders of Kilmacclone accordingly proceeded to the Moss next morning; they had some difficulty in obtaining an interview; it was Jaimsay's policy not to come within speaking distance; but at length they contrived to surround him in a potato field, and the good people might have spared themselves the trouble. Arguments, remonstrance, denunciations, were equally powerless to shake Jaimsay's fixed resolution against showing the least countenance or giving a single penny to his niece. Their earnest inquiries regarding what sort of a judgment might be looked for to fall on him and his for "houldin' spite agin' his own flesh an' blood," were answered by statements of Stacy's near relationship to the serpent tribe in general, and Judas Discariot in particular.

He would not consent to give the pair a wedding dinner at his house, "just for dacentry's sake," to give his niece away at the marriage ceremony, to be present at all on the occasion, or to let Stacy have a single article of the few clothes she had left under his

roof; and Jaimsay wound up by repeating the oath he had taken on Maurice O'Dillon's Latin dictionary, but this time it was on his own rosary and cross, which, being pious after a fashion, he carried about him, and he supplemented this proceeding by an equally solemn vow to be revenged on the entire family at the Lees.

Some of the men threatened, and some challenged him to fight on the spot; but Jaimsay was proof against both threat and challenge, and at last it was thought better to see what Father Morin, the charitable, prudent, and much respected priest of the parish, could effect.

There are states of mind in which an Irish peasant can resist even the influence of his priest. Father Morin was applied to, and undertook the task of bringing Jaimsay to reason; but after paying a special visit to the Moss, using every argument of worldly respectability, and bringing his spiritual authority to bear on the subject, the priest failed as completely as the neighbours had done.

It was mooted that some of the most influential matrons in the vicinity should address themselves to Jaimsay's daughter and heiress, and set forth the injury that such "onnatural spite" might do to her own matrimonial prospects; but not a single dame could be induced to face Nancy Regan under the circumstances. Her temper, in its normal state, was known to equal, if not surpass, that of Molly Dhu; but since the runaway, she was said to be "clane out of her sinses," and had published a manifesto to the effect that she would make it her business to disfigure Stacy on the first opportunity.

That gentle intimation had reached the ears of her rival in temper, and Molly Dhu lost no time in letting Miss Regan know, "that though the disfigurin' of herself was onpossible, becasue nothin' could make her look worse, yet if she laid a finger on Masther Connell's bloomin' bride, there was a boilin' kettle ready for her at the Lees."

Messages of this nature were largely interchanged between the ladies, through the medium of farm boys, liberally remunerated with bread and butter, and warned to keep well out of reach while delivering them, till Molly's attention was engrossed by a still more interesting subject; for the licence was obtained, the wedding dress brought home, and the manager of the O'Dillon household was in full preparation "for a downright raglar weddin' becomin' to the ould blood."

Such, no doubt, the festival would have been, but Molly's expectations, as well as those of all Kilmacclone, were doomed to a sad disappointment.

Cormick had received a hurried note from Fitzmaurice, written a few minutes after the young man arrived at the house in Merrion Square, and merely stating that his grandmother was worse than he expected to find her, but the doctor had good hopes of her recovery, though she could not be spoken to on business just yet, as her mind and her speech seemed to wander at times. He had told that news to his neighbours, and advised them regarding the renewal of their leases on the earliest opportunity, but they were occupied with the more entertaining topic of Jaimsay and his niece, and all agreed there was no occasion for haste. "The Ould Madam would be sure to hould out for siven years to come. Didn't her father die at eighty-nine, and her grandfather at ninety-three, as the wide world could read on their tome-stones?"

Cormick had come to the same conclusion; but as he sat by the parlour fire reading the "Freeman's Journal" to his mother, with the whole house in a general bustle round them—for it was the evening before the wedding day—Paddy the Post came in looking unusually serious, and handed him a letter in deep mourning, with the Fitzmaurice crest on its black seal.

"Is she gone, Cormick?" said Mrs. O'Dillon, laying her hand on that of her son, as he looked up with a sad and sober face from the first glance over that communication.

"She is, mother; listen to what the poor boy says," and Cormick read in a low, sorrow-stricken tone.—

"DEAR FRIEND AND KINSMAN,—I write as well as I am able to let you know that my kind and loving grandmother, the best friend I ever had, the only parent I ever knew, has been taken from me. I thought she was recovering, and so did the doctor, but at six o'clock this morning, as I sat by her bedside, she woke out of a long sleep, blessed me, and departed this life without a struggle or a groan.

"It grieves me sore to think that I have been able to do nothing in your business. I know it would grieve her if she knew it.

"Your poor cousin,
"REDMOND FITZMAURICE."

Mrs. O'Dillon bowed her grey but stately head, as if it felt another stroke of misfortune. "She was a noble and once a fair branch of her ancient family," she said. "I did not think to hear of her summons before my own; but the Lord's will be done, and may He help and comfort the poor grandson, that will miss her more than most young folks would do, for the green leaves seldom sorrow for the brown, but Master Redmond will."

The whole family, and almost the whole household, were gathered in the parlour by this time. They had all heard of the black letter that Paddy the Post brought in; and Cormick, as if from instinctive knowledge of how the case stood, gave it first to Honor, and then to Connel and Maurice. "Children," he said, when all had learned the said news, "we must let the neighbours know as soon as possible, for the wedding in our house to-morrow must be a quiet one. Connel, my boy, you and Stacy won't take it amiss; believe me, it's not that I wouldn't like to see your marriage day as merry and well kept as any that ever happened at the Lees, but I couldn't think of fun and frolics in my house while the Ould Madam, my good landlady and kind relation, lies dead in her own. We'll just have Father Morin, and two or three sober old friends to dinner and tea; and Molly, my woman," he continued to the sorely disappointed manager, "you'll see that there is the same sort of company and quietness in the kitchen. Isn't that right, mother?"

"It is, Cormick dear," said Mrs. O'Dillon. She was always her son's last but principal referee.

"I am sure it's right, father," said Connel; "Stacy and I would be sorry to show any disrespect to the Ould Madam's memory; and a quiet wedding is just as good for us as a merry one, maybe better. I'll go this minute and let the neighbours know."

The active young man was not long about executing the commission thus undertaken; and great was the disappointment of Kilmacalone. The first wedding in O'Dillon's family had called forth its highest anticipa-

tions; but so deep and general was the respect entertained for their ancient landlady, that the neighbours on the whole approved of Cormick's decision, though they remarked to each other that it was a mighty strange thing to hear of a quiet wedding at the Lees; they hoped there might be no bad sign in it!

A quiet wedding Connel and Stacy had on the following day; the customary grand procession to the Cross-roads Chapel, with flags flying before and fiddlers bringing up the rear, was dispensed with, the ceremony being performed in Cormick's best parlour, an arrangement neither irregular nor uncommon in the Roman Catholic community. The assembled household and a few sober and select friends were witnesses. Honor O'Dillon and Hannah Ross were bridesmaids; Connel's old schoolmaster, who being a bachelor was still eligible, acted as groomsman; Cormick gave the bride away; and Father Morin united the couple according to the rules of mother church, the jovial priest declaring immediately after the benediction that they were the handsomest pair he ever had the pleasure to make one.

The quiet wedding was followed by equally quiet festivities in parlour and kitchen, as neither dances nor songs were permitted, and very few young people allowed in either company. The dinner passed off soberly, and so did the tea.

Molly Dhu made a solemn business of the latter, her discourse being divided between the virtues and honours of the deceased madam, and the sins and shortcomings of the present generation; and Teol Roe doing most of the responses, till the tables high and low were fairly cleared; when all at once Molly and Teol were missed.

That day was not to end as quietly as it had begun. A sign, remarked by their company, had passed between the pair made for each other; and now they stood side by side in the open meadow.

"Molly asthao," said Teol, "I would conceal nothin' from you. We're goin' to give ould Jaimsay and his charmin' heiress a chevey; we've got ten ould stills from Rory Lanagan an' his frinds, the boys is couplin' them an' gatherin' by scores down at the bog side. There niver was sich a hearin' in the county Roscommon as we'll give the Moss people!"

"It's no more nor they deserve, Teol, and I'm proud to see you have the spirit to revenge their dirthy spite an' miserly mainness; I'm real glad that it's a fine night," said Molly, looking up at the clear frosty sky; "wait for a minute till I get hould of my brannet shawl an' I'll go wid you myself to see the fun; the parlour people's all settin' at their aise now, they'll want nothin' till supper-time, an' them sowls in the kitchen 'ill niver miss me till I come back."

The Irish charivari known as a chevey is a formidable institution as regards noise, the music being produced by any number of old tin stills derived from such establishments as that of Rory Lanagan, coupled together so as to form a train, and rattled over the stones round and round the doomed house by many willing hands, with a powerful accompaniment of shouts, groans, and observations the reverse of complimentary.

Let those who can, then, imagine the din that suddenly rose round Jaimsay Regan's dwelling, when the boys, gathered by scores at the bog side, arrived with the

train of ten resounding stills, and commenced operations on the remarkably hard and stony ground. The clatter was something more than deafening, but far above it pealed the shouts of the boys—most of them would have been called men, and not very young ones, in any other country—with such invitations as, “Come out, Jaimsay, my yellow darlin’, it’s you that is the craim of a decent uncle; wouldn’t give a bit o’ dinner to a purty girl on her weddin’ day, an’ her your own brother’s orphan that he left dissolute on the ‘arth.’” “Come out, Miss Nancy, you charmin’ maid, it’s yourself that’s the rail good tindher-hearted cousin. Ye’ll get a husband whin there’s not another woman to be seen in Ireland, good, bad, or ondiferent.”

It was not in man’s, and much less in woman’s, nature to stand such attacks upon its dignity. Jaimsay Regan scolded, threatened, and swore at them from an upper window, or rather skylight; his daughter did likewise from another, but both were answered by a still louder clatter, and, if possible, more moving addresses, till at length—it was said by Miss Nancy’s instigation—the entire force of men in the farmhouse, armed with sticks, pokers, and any weapon that came handy, and commanded by Jaimsay in person, made a desperate *sorite* on the boys outside. The stratagem, though bold, was not successful, for the outside boys had the advantage of numbers, and not only was the *sorite* repulsed with loss, but the enemy, closely pursuing Jaimsay’s forces, entered with them before the gates could be shut, and continued the battle within their walls. They fought through kitchen and parlour, pantry and closet, a dozen small fights going on at once in as many corners. They smashed crockery, they overturned pails of water and of milk, they extinguished candles, and much worse might have been done, if a terrified spectator had not flown to the only substitute for constabulary within many a mile.

Cormick O’Dillon and his company were sitting in the parlour at their aise, as Molly had said, the young people at one end of the room entertaining themselves as best they could under the unusual order of things, the seniors at the other discussing the Fitzmaurice family, their legal successors the Bourkes, and their own unrenewed leases, when Paddy the Post rushed in, with frightened face and erect hair, crying, “Oh, Misther O’Dillon an’ all your honours, there’ll be manslaurther or homerside at laist committed this blissid night, if you don’t come and purvint it.”

“What’s the matter, my boy?” said Cormick.

“The still-house boys, your honour, wid a chevey, has got into Jaimsay Regan’s house, an’ they’re all fightin’ lives aside. My cousin Molly an’ Miss Nancy is in hoult behind the dhresser, an’ I don’t know which o’ thim’s kilt, but they’re both screechin’ fit to rind rocks.”

With muttered words of anger, Cormick rose, and took his own familiar stick, which always stood behind the parlour door. “Come, boys,” he said, “we must go to the Moss and put an end to this business. Shame on the still-house fellows; they might have left poor Jaimsay alone.”

Before he had well spoken, his sons, Connel leading the way, had armed themselves in like manner (there was never a scarcity of sticks at the Lees); the men in kitchen and parlour did the same. All had heard Paddy’s report, for it was delivered in no measured tone; and every man, including Father

Morin—as nobody could settle a Roscommon row like a priest—set forth for the scene of action.

By the time they reached the Moss, man, woman, and boy were engaged in one general battle, with very little light, as the fires had been trampled out and most of the candles extinguished in the fray; but the noise of mingled shouts, screams, and curses was sufficient to be heard for miles off, and high above them all the voice of Teol Roe, encouraging his party to rid the house of the spalpeens—meaning its master and family—in a style that would have done honour to any colonel of the Connaught Rangers.

“What are you about, boys?” cried Cormick, as he dashed in with a lantern in one hand and his stick in the other, followed by his two sons and Father Morin, while the less cautious or clear-sighted of their company unintentionally renewed the chevey by falling over the abandoned train of stills outside. “What are you about, breaking the peace, and turning a decent house upside down?” and the master of the Lees bestowed some admonishing blows on the nearest and fiercest of the combatants. Father Morin followed his example, bringing at once the spiritual authority and a stout shilelah to bear on them. Connel and Maurice exerted themselves in a similar manner, so did the rest of their party as soon as they got in. Order was at length restored, but hands had to be taken out of hair, sticks had to be twisted out of hands, before that happy consummation could be reached; and when all the rest were brought to terms, it required the force of four strong men to separate Molly Dhu and Nancy Regan, who, like true foes, held on behind the dresser.

“I know who set them on, an’ I’ll have revenge if there’s law or justice in Ireland!” cried Jaimsay, himself emerging from a half-empty meal-chest, which had been his place of refuge, when the fight was fairly done, and looking like a meal-sack that had somehow got a head. “It was thim Lees people sint their villains to chevey my paceable house.”

“Jaimsay Regan, you’re a fool!” said honest Andy Ross, while the three O’Dillons stood dumb with perfect astonishment.

“Maybe I am; but I’ll have the law o’ thim,” responded the master of the Moss.

“Jaimsay Regan, I am afraid you are no great Christian,” said Father Morin.

“Maybe I’m not; but I’ll have the law, any way,” and Jaimsay seated himself on the chest, with a look of dogged determination that all reasoning would be lost on.

“Have as much law as you like, Mr. Regan,” said Cormick, recovering from his surprise. “I am sorry and ashamed that any of my people should have had a hand in such business; but I knew nothing about it till Paddy the Post brought me word, and I don’t think my sons did.”

“No, father,” said the hasty Connel; “we knew no more than yourself, and, for my part, I am sorry and ashamed that we should have taken the trouble to come and save that paltry fellow from the dressing he and his following well deserved.”

Here a piercing shriek resounded from behind the dresser, where Miss Nancy still lingered, though her fair foe had been carried off the field; and Cormick, seizing his son by the arm, almost thrust him out of the door with an admonition to say no more and go home, at the same time saying to the rest of the company, “Come along, gentlemen; we have done all we can do here. Thank Providence, there is no

serious mischief come out of the nonsense; but the next of my people that I hear of having anything to do with a chevey will hear something from me, that's all."

Though perfectly sincere in this threat, the whole scene had been so rich that O'Dillon could not help laughing over it as he led the way back to his own house; while, partly at his request, Father Morin, assisted by Andy Ross and young Maurice, as the most cool and discreet of the party, remained at the Moss to convince Jaimsay of his error, and find out, if possible, the real instigators of the chevey. Their ill-success was equal in both directions. The chevey company, and even the train of stills, had disappeared the moment order was restored and candles relighted, with a celerity to be understood only by those who have seen an Irish row interrupted by the police, though most of them bore very distinct traces of the combat. Molly Dhu's face would have been difficult to spoil under any circumstances, but Miss Naney had left it so unpresentable that her faithful swain Teol Roe, though considerably mauled himself, found it necessary to convey her home, and in at the back door, where she had received him with many a keg. Her reappearance in the kitchen did not take place that evening, but when the elder women came to sympathise with Molly in her room, she pretended that "Nancy Regan's discourse was unproper to such a degree that she had to run away from it, but bad luck to that dresser of Jaimsay's, she missed her foot an' fell slap agin its sharp corner." Of course Teol was not forthcoming any more than his fair one, having retired with the rest of the still-house boys to their fastness in Slievebawn, and the commission of inquiry could discover no evidence but that of Jaimsay Regan's own household. They were unanimous, and their chief was resolute, in accusing the O'Dillons. Neither spiritual nor temporal arguments could move Jaimsay from that article of faith. In reply to all that the cautious priest, the prudent farmer, or the young scholar could say, he declared his determination to have "revinge and law" from the lid of the meal chest, while his amiable daughter echoed the same sentiments high and clear from the chamber where she had taken refuge.

The next morning, before his house was fairly set in order after the fray, Jaimsay proceeded to the county town and, in his own phrase, tuk out summons against Cormick O'Dillon, his two sons, and all their adherents whom he knew or believed to be concerned in the chevey. He secured the services of a remarkably pettifogging attorney, who conducted legal business on the lowest scale of remuneration; but the bargain being a stiff one, extended over several hours in the back parlour of the "Blue Ball," a convenient public-house. The natural result was that both client and adviser had some difficulty in finding their respective homes, to which untoward circumstance Regan afterwards attributed the failure of his cause, generally winding up with, "Bad luck saize that whisky, it kept the soul from remimberin' the biggest half of all I tould him."

The case was heard in due time by a full bench of magistrates; but as nothing appeared to show that the O'Dillons had any hand in the chevey, and most of the bench were acquainted with the honourable, upright character of the family, the summonses against them were at once dismissed.

The prosecutor was scarcely more successful in bringing home conviction to the parties actually en-

gaged. The ringleader, Teol Roe, could not be found, neither could the most active of his assistants. Those that were brought to court met the charge by roundly asserting that they had never been at the Moss at all, and would have proved triumphant alibies, if the evidence had not been rather conflicting as regarded the opposite ends of the county at which they had been seen on the eventful evening.

Molly Dhu put in an appearance; but it was with a bandaged face, and repeated declarations that there was nothing before her but a "ragin faver;" she had gone to see the fun, quite innocent, "fightin' was onbecomin' to a modest famale; but, in coarse, she defended herslf, an' Nancy Regan struck the first blow"—a fact which the heiress could not deny, as Paddy the Post had witnessed it; so the case against Molly failed also. In short, like most Irish rows, the chevey and its consequences were beyond the reach of law—trifling fines and magisterial rebukes being the utmost penalties that could be inflicted on the zealous promoters. The trial formed an entertainment for all classes in Roscommon; and as the preceding details were made public in its course, the general laugh and the popular indignation turned upon the Regans. Father and daughter went home from the defeated prosecution with a still deeper hatred of the O'Dillon family and faction, though it was known that Cormick had administered rebukes stronger than was his wont to all concerned in the chevey, and denounced high penalties against those who would hereafter dare to disturb his neighbours at the Moss. The ould mistress, seconded by Father Morin and young Maurice, brought religious considerations to bear on the subject, and tried to negotiate a peace between the Moss and the Lees. But Jaimsay's vows of vengeance were so frequent that the neighbours said he made them in his prayers, and Nancy would have gone miles about rather than encounter one of the hated household. Strange to say, her wrath was less demonstrative, but it did not burn less fiercely. After the trial she seldom mentioned the name of her enemies, except in private; but she hung up the remnants of Molly Dhu's shawl, which the martial maid had left behind the dresser, in a conspicuous corner of the kitchen, like colours taken in battle; and under it the heiress of the Moss would sit for hours, knitting a long grey stocking, and brooding on revenge.

OUR BATHING ISLAND.

I'VE been thinking that perhaps some of your readers might be the better for my experience in the matter of bathing. I don't want to plump at once into a description of the final success of our schemes, but to have first a chat about the circumstances which led to their accomplishment. Well, we have a pretty good sized piece of water before our house, so closely "dominated," as our French neighbours say, from all quarters, that bathing in it was a questionable enjoyment. Of course you might have a hut at the side, but then the banks were so sloping that a long wade was necessary in order to reach the deep water. Besides, in summer it was very weedy. The first thing, therefore, was to provide a clear space. As the greater portion dried up almost every autumn or early winter, this was easily accomplished by digging

a channel when the water was low. We chose the late autumn, after the very dry summers of 1867 and 1868. Part of the bed of our mere was brick earth, and so I reduced the expense of digging this out by selling it to a brickmaker, who carted it off, and in process of time it reappeared in the shape of cottages some few miles off. Thus we made a beginning by getting a channel about nine feet deep in the middle and fifty yards long. There was, however, much useless earth which we made into a great heap close by the side of the channel. This was in 1867. The water began to rise about Christmas, and filled our excavation by March, and though 1868 was drier than the preceding year, the water held all through the summer, though the rest of the mere was at last wholly dry. When at its driest we continued our cutting, and though we did not make it so deep as before, we got altogether a crescent-shaped channel about 130 yards long, which was filled the next winter, has not been dry since, and I think can hardly ever become so. The weeds came with their annual strong growth, but we had this clear space, which was of the length I have mentioned, and about twenty yards wide. Still the bathing, though we had plenty of water free from weeds, was too public to be pleasant. First we had an arrangement of screens on the shore, but somehow this did not work well; and there was the mud on the bank, which stuck to us when getting out. The bathing from the boat, too, besides rendering some canvas arrangement in the shape of a tent necessary, was not pleasant. Jumping out was well enough, but the getting into a punt which "paid off" the moment you touched it was a prolonged and slippery business.

How we could best bathe was becoming a pressing question. It was all very well for little boys to paddle in and out, but we seniors wanted a secure basis for a plunge, and a retreat. Last autumn it occurred to me that if we dug a hole in the middle of our great heap of earth, which was an island all the summer, close to the deepest part of the channel, the question would be solved. It was an obvious arrangement when once seen. I found a couple of labourers out of employment and soon set them to work. The island was about twelve yards across. We dug a great squared hole in the middle, cutting the inside of it in terraces or steps about a yard deep and a foot and a half high. These we turfed, protecting their upright sides with some rough slabs which the village carpenter had good store of in his yard. The result was, at bottom, an oblong "tank," three yards long and five feet wide, three terraced steps such as I have described rising around it. Here was a charming dressing-room, perfectly screened by the earth thrown out of the hole. The addition of a few shrubs on this made the screen more perfect. All we needed now was a straight cut about two or three feet wide leading from one corner of the bottom down to the deepest part of the water. The sides of this cut or ditch from the dressing-room we stuck with willow slips, which soon took root and bore leaves, and at the same time held the earth up from slipping.

We have now all we want. We can undress in the hole, where the grass-terraced steps provide charming seats, and then, popping down through the ditch, take a header into eight or nine feet of water, return through our screened approach into the airiest, sunniest dressing-room that any bather can wish, and

which is as private as any apartment in the house. When my friend who is staying with me for a short holiday from town goes to bathe I see him paddle to the island in my little punt, land, tie her up, and after ascending the outside of the mound, disappear entirely till I perceive his head as he swims round the crescent-shaped channel which we cut two years ago. Then he returns to disappear until he mounts out of the hole again in full fig, and paddles back in the punt, his towel on his shoulder.

Now this arrangement is very easy in plenty of places where there is no natural screen, and where a hut, besides perhaps being unsightly, would not answer the purpose half so well as our bathing island. However high the water is, we get one of the terraces to sit on inside; and the bottom being water, enables the bather to wash his feet, which may have got muddy, before beginning to dress. A bathing island might be most easily constructed by the side of any sufficiently deep river or pond where the water kept mostly at the same height. If a few shrubs are planted on the outside and edges of the island, an extra screen is provided which does not get out of repair, but improves with use. The cost of the whole concern—the mere bathing island, I mean—is very little. If you dig your hole three feet deep, the earth thrown out of it will give another three feet, and you get about six feet shelter at once. But it is best to dig down say four or five feet, and to let the water into the bottom of the dressing room; then, even when sitting high and dry on one of the terraces you are screened. The addition of the few shrubs is of course a great advantage, and gives a pretty appearance to the whole fabric. We have the floor of the bottom of our bathing island laid with some common tiles, so that you stand tolerably clean, and the terraced steps turfed, so that you sit very comfortably.

I should remark that the ditch or channel from the square hole to the water should be dug from one corner of it. Thus the greater part of the dressing-room is invisible even if any one looks straight up the cut which leads into it. The sides of the cut, too, might be planted, like ours, with willow slips or osiers, so that in descending to or getting out of the water the bather simply pushes his way through a leafy screen. It would be well, moreover, to floor the bottom of the ditch with a plank or some tiles. Then, however muddy the ground might be or become, you walk out with unmired feet. The digging of the hole deep enough for the water to lie in it about eighteen inches or two feet deep is, however, a great advantage, for then you can sit on the lowest step of the terraced sides and wash your feet before dressing. There is hardly any pond or river in which you can bathe without bringing some little mud out with you. Even the flooring of the ditch which leads from the dressing-room with tiles does not keep it quite clean. There will be some slight muddy deposit on it, do what you will.

As my readers may find it too late in the year to make a bathing island for use during the present season, I would advise them to prepare one during the winter. It can then have its outer sides planted with evergreens betimes, and the terraced steps turfed very early in the spring. By the time that June came they would find themselves in possession of a permanent dressing-room by the river or pond, which would be the admiration of their neighbour, and his envy till he made one of his own. I have

just returned from a pleasant swim myself, and wonder how I never before thought of providing such an excellent arrangement as my bathing island produces in a spot which, but for this friendly retreat, is too public to permit the luxury of a bathe. I would plant the outer sides of the island with shrubs of various heights, and thus avoid an ultimate resemblance to the top of a cabbage. Five or six poplars or willows moreover break the mere roundness of the fabric. The top of the edges of the crater should be set with some such thick shrubs as box. Considering the purpose of the concern, I would remind my readers that they had better not plant furze. The inside may be kept as clean and neat as that of a Roman amphitheatre on a small scale, but with grassy instead of stone steps. And when you don't want to bathe, the retreat makes a lovely spot for a picnic. Seats, tables, and water are always ready; you only want a kettle, some sticks, lucifers, and good-humour.

KEW GARDENS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HAVING spent a long summer-day at Kew, I thought how different is the place from what it was "when George the Third was king." There is not very much left now to recall these old times. The palace is there, and the pagoda, and the orangery, and some of the ancient trees, but "the royal garden" of last century has been lost and absorbed in the botanical paradise of Victoria's reign, with its lovely landscapes and imposing conservatories. Yet there was a romance about the old place, as we read of it in history, and as we people with the sparse ghosts of a past generation the grounds which the railroads now crowd with holiday visitors.

It is not, however, on the people, but on the plants of other days that my thoughts are now running, and to help me in my botanico-antiquarian musing I take down from my book-case the "Hortus Kewensis, or Catalogue of the Plants cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden. By William Aiton, Gardener to his Majesty." It is a book in three volumes, printed in 1789 for George Nicol, Pall Mall, bookseller to his Majesty. The dedication to the King describes the worthy gardener as "a servant rendered happy by your Majesty's benevolence, obeying the impulse of gratitude which urges him to lay at your Majesty's feet this attempt to make public the present state of the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew." So the dedication runs on, after the manner of the time, "from his Majesty's most devoted servant, with unfeigned humility and uninterrupted attachment, William Aiton."

The preface gives the sources of information to which the author was chiefly indebted, beginning with Turner's "Herbal" in 1551, and ending with Miller's "Gardener's Dictionary," 8th edition, in 1768. Familiar names appear in this curious "chronological list of authorities:" "Lobelii adversaria" (1570); Gerard's "Herbal" (1597); Parkinson's "Herbal" (1640); "Catalogus horti Johannis Tradescanti" (1656); Sutherland's "Hortus Edinburgensis" (1683); "Raii Historia Plantarum" (1686-1704); "Martyn of Cambridge" (1728-1736); "Dillenius" (1732); "Rand's Index of Chelsea Plants" (1739). A curiosity for modern horticulturists would be the

"Catalogue of plants propagated for sale in the gardens near London, in 1730."

Among the manuscripts consulted are several in the Sloanean collection in the British Museum, "particularly No. 3370," a catalogue of exotics in the royal gardens at Hampton Court. These plants were "brought from Soesdyke, a house belonging to Mr. Bentinek, afterwards Earl of Portland, about the year 1690, and given by him to King William."

Much valuable information was obtained from Mr. Knowlton, formerly gardener to Dr. Sherard at Eltham. Knowlton died in 1782, at the age of ninety; so he must have kept up traditions of older horticulture, as did "Mr. James Lee, nurseryman at the Vineyard, Hammersmith, who remembers the gardens of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, near Hounslow, cultivated with much care and expense."

Of books quoted there is a list occupying nearly twenty pages, with the names of above 150 authors, including many foreign voyagers and travellers.

Linnaeus is the supreme authority, with his "Species Plantarum and Systema Naturae" (1762-1768). The work is itself arranged according to the Linnaean or artificial system, natural families of plants as a basis of classification being then almost unheard of. Monandria to Heptandria is on the title-page of vol. i.; Octandria to Monadelphia on vol. ii.; Diadelphia to Cryptogamia on vol. iii.; terms which sound strange to modern botanists. To the description of each plant is appended the date and history of introduction. A list of plates in the several volumes will give some idea as to what plants were considered rare or curious in those days.

The first illustration is the *Calceolaria Fothergillii*, introduced in 1771 by Dr. Fothergill. It is a native of the Falkland Islands, and one of only two species of this now universally diffused garden flower. The first species, *C. inflata*, from Peru, had been introduced in 1773 by Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.

The next illustration is *Strelitzia Regina*, introduced also in 1773, by Sir Joseph Banks, from the Cape of Good Hope. The name of Sowerby, the first of a family with hereditary distinction as naturalists, appears as the artist of this plate.

Next we have *Massonia latifolia*, another Cape of Good Hope native, named after its introducer, Francis Masson. This is a liliaceous plant, placed between the genera *Hemanthus* and *Galanthus*, the Blood-flowers and the Snowdrop. A second species of Massonia, *M. angustifolia*, follows, and then *Leucocym strulosum*, also from the Cape. The last plate in the first volume is the *Dracana borealis*, a native of Canada and of Newfoundland, introduced in 1778 by Dr. Solander.

The second-volume illustrations begin with *Vaccinium macrocarpon*, the American cranberry, the cultivation of which dates from 1760, and which is now profusely used by our American cousins. Capital sauce it makes for canvas-back ducks and other wild fowl. *Calycanthus praecox* is the next plate, a native of Japan, introduced in 1771, under the name of Japan Allspice. A less conspicuous member of the same Linnaean class and order, *Icosandria polypygia*, is *Potentilla tridentata*, trifid-leaved cinquefoil, a native of Newfoundland, introduced in 1776.

In vol. iii. we have *Tussilago palmata*, palmated colt's-foot, a native of Newfoundland, introduced by Dr. Fothergill in 1777, for medical rather than horticultural purposes, we should imagine. The next is a more imposing plant, also intro-

duced about the same time by Dr. Fothergill, *Limodorum Tankervilleæ*, a native of China. It is an orchideous plant. *Smithia sensitiva*, an East India plant, introduced in 1785 by Dr. John Gerard Koenig, is the last illustration of the volume.

These are the plants which the King's gardener at Kew selected as most worthy or most suitable for

illustration in his work. Many rare, curious, or beautiful plants are described, but a perusal of the whole catalogue leaves us in astonishment at the meagre furniture of the garden compared with the magnificent collections which now delight the botanical student and astonish the non-scientific visitor at Kew.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS.



ICE PINNACLE FALLING ON THE PATH.

well as instructive to the ambitious climber; for its author not only climbs, but knows how to use the pen and pencil, as well as the ice-axe. Nor is it a merely entertaining record of successful ascents. It has distinctively scientific features. It challenges leading authorities on their own ground, and goes into the question of glacial science with experienced confidence.

Few people look at "prefaces;" but that of Mr. Whymper should be read, as showing the origin and progress of his "Scrambles." Being an artist, he was commissioned to make some sketches of the greater Alpine peaks. This led to his first tour in Switzerland, where he seems to have "blundered about" in the discovery of a passion for scrambling, which, since he was totally unacquainted with mountains, led nearly to the breaking of his neck on several occasions, but gave him confidence in the following year to begin his career as a climber with an assault on Mont Pelvoux, reputed to be the loftiest of the

AMONG the permanently interesting records of Swiss travel we may reckon Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles amongst the Alps." The title of the book, indeed, does not do it justice. There is a fragmentary, scuffling sort of notion associated with "Scrambles," whereas these are a chronicle of the most deliberate and indomitable toil. In truth, the ascents and explorations of Mr. Whymper were his recreations, but they were nevertheless laborious, premeditated, and ambitious.

His book is entertaining to the simple tourist, as

French Alps, and the highest point of which had never been reached, though it had been attempted the summer before by some English experts. He succeeded in this effort. Then, he coolly adds, "I hastened to enlarge my experience, and went to the Matterhorn. . . . Stimulated to make fresh exertions by one repulse after another, I returned, year after year, as I had opportunity, more and more determined to find a way up it, or to prove it to be really inaccessible."

Thus, as he himself remarks, "a considerable portion of this volume is occupied by the history of these attacks on the Matterhorn, and the other excursions that are described have all some connection, more or less remote, with that mountain or with Mont Pelvoux."

The work before us, then, is a record of the triumphant ambition stirred by the two mighty summits of the French and Swiss Alps in the mind of an habituated Londoner, who, to use the insulting Alpine phrase, "bagged" the great French Peak, and then, despising the comparatively meager scrambles up Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc, at once faced, and at last conquered, the wondrous obelisk that

towers above Zermatt.

We will not concern ourselves with this final victory, since it is one which made and has left familiar though melancholy impressions on the minds of all who take any interest in Alpine explorations. It is in the circumstances of this campaign that we may perhaps best realise the sort of toil and charm which mountaineering brings to those who attempt it, or enjoy the record of its feats. There are thousands who walk in Switzerland and weary themselves with assiduity, but who little know the sensation which accompanies a departure from the routine of the ordinary passes and the well-trod paths that lead to many of the lower summits. Directly he leaves there, the commonplace tourist finds himself in another world. A few steps, as it were, from them determines whether he is a mere walker or possible mountaineer. You may be familiar with the form, position, and look of glacier and *nord*—you may be, so to speak, versed in Alpine

dialect, and know the names of the best guides—nay, you might even, as they lounged in a parenthesis of inaction upon the low wall opposite the Monte Rosa Hotel at Zermatt, point out this as being good for rocks, and that for ice; but there is a divergence from the beaten track which tells in a

it is "walking," not "climbing." I believe there are many undeveloped climbers, untried, untrained, who in a very short time would become mountaineers worthy of being led by first-class guides. I believe that a great deal more fuss is made about Alpine difficulties than they deserve. Jog-trot tourists, who



JUMPING OVER THE BERGSCHRUND.

short time whether you can have any legitimate relationship with them, and, apart from the path, be other than mere baggage.

By the "path" I don't mean one laid with gravel and kept smooth by a garden roller, but any place which the climber knows has been so traversed before that he is safe to find footsteps at manageable intervals. It may be a mere track over rocks, indicated by very slight signs of friction, but when you know that successive footholds are to be surely found,

look at a peak through their telescopes, and see the party bent on ascending it, start off with all the air of importance belonging to ropes, ice-axes, etc., go back to the dinner-table of the mountain inn, or crawl away down the zigzags through the pleasant-smelling fir-trees, and say, "Wonderful! To think of getting up there!" Whereas, there is really nothing very wonderful in many high expeditions. Plenty of young men, who have never been used to climbing, find soon after their introduction to the

Alps, that they can climb well; and the chief dangers arise from excess of courage and the consciousness of elastic strength. The Swiss are apt to magnify the difficulties of mountaineering, and so are some experts. The fact is, some of them have found the thing so easy that they are ashamed to let its ease be known. There is, I repeat, a radical difference between a mere walker, however athletic, and a climber; but climbers are very much more numerous than is generally supposed. The rapid growth of the Alpine Club, and the supply of guides which their enterprise demands, exhibits this. There were men and mountains in plenty before, but somehow notions of inaccessibility kept them apart. Now your public-school boys, and university men out for the holidays, "do" peak after peak with success; and day after day during propitious weather, the tourist staying at the Riffel Hotel, above Zermatt, sees excursions made up Monte Rosa as a matter of course, with an ease which makes men whose limbs and wind are not what they once were, regret that in their younger days the spell which hung about the great summits had not been broken. Do not let us suppose, however, that those who now ascend them are to be confounded with the common crowd of tourists, many of whom can walk their twelve or fourteen hours a day among the mountains with facility. There is still as great a difference as ever between the strong walker and the mountaineer, only there has been a great discovery of mountaineers—long-winded, sure-footed, cool-headed—who have caught the trick of stepping securely on ice-slopes and looking down precipices with no more unsteadiness of brain than cats. It is this faculty of cool progress at the highest elevations, where you may have for hours a slope under your elbow down which a slip would be death, and which yet causes no dizziness as long as the toe finds a resting-place in a rock-chink, or little hole chopped out by the ice-axe, that makes the mountaineer. Summits are not charged with a rush, but won by slow, tenacious creeping, wriggling, and crawling, varied with an occasional necessary jump. And descents demand, besides freedom from giddiness, a peculiar strength and aptitude of knee, by no means indispensable in ordinary up and down touring, and the pluck to jump promptly and precisely on spots beneath you.

Mr. Whymper gives a sample of one of these expeditions over the highest pass in Dauphiné, which he and his companions named the *Col de Pilatte*. He had with him the two famous guides Croz and Almer, two English mountaineers, Messrs. Walker and Moore, and a French gentleman, M. Reynaud. They started at 3.30 one June morning. At 5.45 they reached the foot of the first slopes they had to climb. They were so steep that he says, "In less than two miles' difference of latitude we rose one mile of absolute height. But the route was so far from being an exceptionally difficult one, that at 10.45 we stood on the summit of the pass." That is, they were five hours moving at the rate of less than half a mile an hour.

This gives an example of the slow rate of progress I have alluded to. An illustration in the book gives a striking idea of the sort of places up which an ascent may lead. It is a snow *coulloir*, or a gully partly filled with snow. It looks hopeless to the inexperienced eye, but, as Mr. Whymper says, "Snow couloirs are most useful institutions, and may be considered as natural highways placed in convenient

situations for getting over places which would otherwise be inaccessible." The travellers made their way up this, cutting holes for their feet. Slow, grinding work. This couloir led them to the top of the pass. Then came mist. They began to descend by a slope of smooth ice; need of more steps to be cut again, since it had an inclination of fifty-four degrees; that is, was as steep as a very high-pitched roof. They came gingerly down this, Croz, who chopped the footholds out with his axe, every now and then saying, "Slip not, dear sirs; place well your feet; stir not until you are certain." For three quarters of an hour they progressed in this fashion. The axe of Croz all at once stopped.

"What is the matter, Croz?"

"Bergschrund, gentlemen!"—this is a huge crack.

"Can we get over?"

"Upon my word I don't know; I think we must jump!"

The clouds cleared away as he spoke, and they saw the cleft in the ice-wall. No running up and down to look for an easier place to cross could be done on an ice-slope of fifty-four degrees; the chasm had to be passed then and there.

"A downward jump of fifteen or sixteen feet, and a forward leap of seven or eight feet, had to be made at the same time." We must refer the reader to the full description of the day's work in Mr. Whymper's book, in chapter x. The French gentleman wrung his hands, and came over, all abroad, on the narrow ridge of ice which had to be hit. After this they had to pick and cut their way down the "ice-fall," as it is called. About 1 P.M. the party emerged from the mist, and found themselves upon the level portion of the glacier. Then they attacked the leg of mutton which the French gentleman had brought with him, and afterwards raced down the rest of the route with renewed energy.

Circumstances made this expedition a specially difficult one, but we refer to it as illustrating the *sort* of work which mountaineering involves. Slow cautious toil for many hours, and then perhaps a scamper over comparatively level glacier, snow, or ground. Your strong tourist might traverse these last easily enough, up or down; but it is the couloir, the rock-cliff, and the ice-slope which test the mountaineer. Once touch these, and a new world of sensations is reached, and with it, in many cases, unexpected power to "scramble," as our author calls it. But with the discovery of this power comes in the need of cool attention to all those accessories of mountaineering, and experienced advice by guides which eager novices are apt to underrate. The "rope," for instance, is in many places which look easy enough too often disregarded. The use of it in very critical positions is sometimes questionable, I mean where the slipping of one would drag others over a precipice; but it is generally invaluable. Let no novices deem it a slight on their courage to be roped. If fools sneer at extreme caution, let them sneer. We do not find Mr. Whymper ashamed to admit such departures from prudence as he and his companions were sometimes guilty of. An instance may be given in the making of a pass between Zinal and Zermatt, when the party crossed a slope below some tottering pinnacles of ice, called *seracs*. "It was," he says, "executing a flank movement in the face of an enemy by whom we might be attacked at any moment. The peril was obvious. It was a monstrous folly. It was foolhardiness. A retreat should have been sounded." One of the pinnacles

fell upon their path directly they had traversed it. "Many," says our author, quoting Thueydides, "though seeing well the perils ahead, are forced along by fear of dishonour—as the world calls it—so that, vanquished by a mere word, they fall into irremediable calamities." Such was nearly the case here. The reader is referred to the striking description of the discovery of the pass in chapter xii. of Mr. Whymper's book. We extract a few more lines from it, illustrating another feature of Alpine passage to which we have not alluded, the traversing of "Arêtes." These are narrow ridges of rock or ice, the opposite of couloirs. "This," says Mr. Moore in his journal, "was a crest of ice, a mere knife edge—on our left a broad crevass, whose bottom was lost in blue haze, and on our right, at an angle of seventy degrees, or more, a slope falling to a similar gulf below. Croz, as he went along the edge, chipped small notches in the ice, in which we placed our feet, with the toes well turned out, doing all we knew to preserve our balance."

It makes one giddy to read of such a path. Blondin's tight rope seems more passable, and was probably chalked. This was ice, and with all respect—which is quite genuine—for the enterprise of our young fellow-countrymen, we demur to a transit which the coolest-headed cat or goat would decline. But still there is evidence of reserve of energy in the nation which sends forth her sons to enjoy themselves after such a fashion, and it is supposed to be something to dissipate the "spells" which have been wrapped around the Alps time out of mind. Poor spells! one feels for them, too. It is touching to read of the conquest of a virgin peak, "a little cone of purest snow, so small that it might be covered with

the hand." There it had stood for ages, a snowdrop peeping through the bank of clouds, and sunning itself in that great world of light which lies above the storms of earth; and here are Alpine dragons, with nails in their shoes and nasty black pipes in their mouths, "bagging" it. "A little cone of purest snow, so small that it might be covered with the hand." It was there, or near there, that in climbing what seemed to be a dome of solid ice, powdered white, they found it was a mere crust, a shell. Mr. Whymper kicked his feet against the dome to warm them—they were crawling up by slippery ice-steps which they waited for the guide above to cut—and a piece went through with the sound as of "broken crockery falling into a deep well." The thought is akin to the dream where you walk up a staircase in the sky and each step drops into space the moment you lift your foot from it.

"Scrambles in the Alps," without being "sensational," for sentiment is sometimes obviously repressed with severity, has many bits which thus illustrate the airy perils of the upper peaks. We have no space to quote more. The book, indeed, has its scientific features, especially in relation to ice movements and the formation of moraines, the author making out a good case against the theory of the ploughing out of valleys by glaciers; but its chief charm lies in the fidelity with which Alpine experience is recorded, and the illustrations with which it abounds, and which are exquisitely perfect. Never before has Switzerland been brought home to us with such careful and affectionate fidelity; and those of our readers who cannot visit the Alps should manage to get the Alps to visit them in this characteristic volume.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

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V.—TWO PICTURES OF PRIMEVAL MAN.

Two pictures of primeval man are in our time before the world. One represents him as the pure and happy inhabitant of an Eden, free from all the ills that have afflicted his descendants, and revelling in the bliss of a golden age. This is the representation of Holy Scripture, and it is also the dream of all the poetry and myth of the earlier ages of the world. It is a beautiful picture, whether we regard it as founded on historical fact, or derived from God Himself, or from the yearnings of the higher spiritual nature of man. The other picture is a joint product of modern philosophy and of antiquarian research. It presents to us a coarse and filthy savage, repulsive in feature, gross in habits, warring with his fellow-savages, and warring yet more remorselessly with every living thing he could destroy, tearing half-cooked flesh, and cracking marrow-bones with stone hammers, sheltering himself in damp and smoky caves, with no eye heavenward, and with only the first rude beginnings of the most important arts of life.

Both pictures may contain elements of truth, for man is a many-sided monster, made up of things apparently incongruous, and presenting here and there features out of which either picture may be composed. Evolutionists, and especially those who believe in the struggle for existence and natural selection, ignore altogether the evidence of the golden

age of humanity, and refer us to the rudest of modern savages as the types of primitive man. Those who believe in a divine origin for our race perhaps dwell too much on the higher spiritual features of the Edenic state, to the exclusion of its more practical aspects, and its relations to the condition of the more barbarous races. Let us examine more closely both representations; and first, that of creation.

The Glacial period, with its snows and ice, had passed away, and the world rejoiced in a spring-time of renewed verdure and beauty. Many great and formidable beasts of the Tertiary time had disappeared in the revolutions which had occurred, and the existing fauna of the northern hemisphere had been established on the land. Then it was that man was introduced by an act of creative power. In the preceding changes a region of Western Asia had been prepared for his residence. It was a table-land at the head waters of the rivers that flow into the Euxine, the Caspian, and the Persian Gulf. Its climate was healthy and bracing, with enough of variety to secure vigour, and not so inclement as to exact any artificial provision for clothing or shelter. Its flora afforded abundance of edible fruits, and was rich in all the more beautiful forms of plant life; while its clear streams, alluvial soil, and undulating surface, afforded every variety of station and all that

is beautiful in scenery. It was not infested with the more powerful and predacious quadrupeds, and its geographical relations were such as to render this exemption permanent. In this paradise man found ample supplies of wholesome and nutritious food. His requirements as to shelter were met by the leafy bowers he could weave. The streams of Eden afforded gold which he could fashion for use and ornament, pearly shells for vessels, and agate for his few and simple cutting instruments. He required no clothing, and knew of no use for it. His body was the perfection and archetype of the vertebrate form, full of grace, vigour, and agility. His hands enabled him to avail himself of all the products of nature for use and pleasure, and to modify and adapt them according to his inclination. His intelligence, along with his manual powers, allowed him to ascertain the properties of things, to plan, invent, and apply in a manner impossible to any other creature. His gift of speech enabled him to imitate and reduce to systematic language the sounds of nature, and to connect them with the thoughts arising in his own mind, and thus to express their relations and significance. Above all, his Maker had breathed into him a spiritual nature akin to His own, whereby he became different from all other animals, and the very shadow and likeness of God; capable of rising to abstractions and general conceptions of truth and goodness, and of holding communion with his Creator. This was man Edenic, the man of the golden age, as sketched in the two short narratives of the earlier part of Genesis, which not only conform to the general traditions of our race on the subject, but bear to any naturalist who will read them in their original dress, internal evidence of being contemporary, or very nearly so, with the state of things to which they relate.

"And God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them rule over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the herbivora, and over all the land.' And God blessed them, and said unto them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it.'

"And the Lord God formed the man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living being. And the Lord God planted a garden, eastward in Eden, and there he placed the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and parted from thence, becoming four heads (of great rivers). The name of the first is Pison, compassing the whole land of Chavila, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good; there is (also) pearl and agate . . . And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to cultivate it and to take care of it."

Before leaving this most ancient and most beautiful history, we may say that it implies several things of much importance to our conceptions of primeval man. It implies a centre of creation for man, and a group of companion animals and plants, and an intention to dispense in his case with any struggle for existence. It implies, also, that man was not to be a lazy savage, but a care-taker and utiliser, by his mind and his bodily labour, of the things given to him; and it also implies an intelligent submission on his part to his Maker, and spiritual appreciation of His plans and intentions. It further implies that man was, in process of time, from Eden, to colonise the earth, and subdue its wildness, so as to extend the conditions of Eden widely over its surface. Lastly, a part of the record not quoted above, but necessary to the consistency of the story, implies that, in virtue of his

spiritual nature, and on certain conditions, man, though in bodily frame of the earth earthy, like the other animals, was to be exempted from the common law of mortality which had all along prevailed, and which continued to prevail, even among the animals of Eden. Further, if man fell from this condition into that of the savage of the age of stone, it must have been by the obscuration of his spiritual nature under that which is merely animal; in other words, by his ceasing to be spiritual and in communion with God, and becoming practically a sensual materialist. That this actually happened is asserted by the Scriptural story, but its details would take us too far from our present subject. Let us now turn to the other picture—that presented by the theory of struggle for existence and derivation from lower animals.

It introduces us first to an ape, akin perhaps to the modern orang or gorilla, but unknown to us as yet by any actual remains. This creature, after living for an indefinite time in the rich forests of the Miocene and earlier Pliocene periods, was at length subjected to the gradually increasing rigours of the Glacial age. Its vegetable food and its leafy shelter failed it, and it learned to nestle among such litter as it could collect in dens and caves, and to seize and devour such weaker animals as it could overtake and master. At the same time, its lower extremities, no longer used for climbing trees, but for walking on the ground, gained in strength and size; its arms diminished; and its development to maturity being delayed by the intensity of the struggle for existence, its brain enlarged, it became more cunning and sagacious, and even learned to use weapons of wood or stone to destroy its victims. So it gradually grew into a fierce and terrible creature, "neither beast nor human," combining the habits of a bear and the agility of a monkey with some glimmerings of the

cunning and resources of a savage.

When the Glacial period passed away, our nameless simian man, or manlike ape, might naturally be supposed to revert to its original condition, and to establish itself as of old in the new forests of the Modern period. For some unknown reason, however, perhaps because it had gone too far in the path of improvement to be able to turn back, this reversion did not take place. On the contrary, the ameliorated circumstances and wider range of the new continents enabled it still further to improve. Ease and abundance perfected what struggle and privation had begun; it added to the rude arts of the Glacial time; it parted with the shaggy hair now unnecessary; its features became softer; and it returned in part to vegetable food. Language sprang up from the attempt to articulate natural sounds. Fire-making was invented and new arts arose. At length the spiritual nature, potentially present in the creature, was awakened by some access of fear, or some grand and terrible physical phenomenon; the idea of a higher intelligence was struck out, and the descendant of apes became a superstitious and idolatrous savage. How much trouble and discussion would have been saved, had he been aware of his humble origin, and never entertained the vain imagination that he was a child of God, rather than a mere product of physical evolution. It is, indeed, curious, that at this point evolutionism, like theism, has its "fall of man," for surely the awakening of the religious sense, and of the knowledge of good and evil, must on that theory be so designated, since it subverted in the case of man the previous regular

operation of natural selection, and introduced all that debasing superstition, priestly domination, and religious controversy which have been among the chief curses of our race, and which are doubly accursed if, as the evolutionist believes, they are not the ruins of something nobler and holier, but the mere gratuitous, vain, and useless imaginings of a creature who should have been content to eat and drink and die without hope or fear, like the brutes from which he sprung.

These are at present our alternative sketches: the genesis of theism, and the genesis of evolution. After the argument in previous papers, it is unnecessary here to discuss their relative degrees of probability. If we believe in a personal spiritual Creator, the first becomes easy and natural, as it is also that which best accords with history and tradition. If, on the contrary, we reject all these, and accept as natural laws the postulates of the evolutionists which we have already discussed, we may become believers in the latter. The only remaining point is to inquire as to which explains best the actual facts of humanity as we find them. This is a view of which much has been made by evolutionists, and it therefore merits consideration. But it is too extensive to be fully treated of here, and I must content myself with a few illustrations of the failure of the theory of derivation to explain some of the most important features presented by even the ruder races of men.

One of these is the belief in a future state of existence beyond this life. This belongs purely to the spiritual nature of man. It is not taught by physical nature, yet its existence is probably universal, and it lies near the foundation of all religious beliefs. Lartet has described to us the sepulchral cave of Aurignac, in which human skeletons, believed to be of post-Glacial date, were associated with remains of funeral feasts, and with indications of careful burial, and with provisions laid up for the use of the dead. Lyell well remarks on this, "If we have here before us, at the northern base of the Pyrenees, a sepulchral vault with skeletons of human beings, consigned by friends and relatives to their last resting-place—if we have also at the portal of the tomb the relics of funeral feasts, and within it indications of viands destined for the use of the departed on their way to a land of spirits; while among the funeral gifts are weapons wherewith in other fields to chase the gigantic deer, the cave-lion, the cave-bear, and woolly rhinoceros—we have at last succeeded in tracing back the sacred rites of burial, and more interesting still, a belief in a future state, to times long anterior to those of history and tradition. Rude and superstitious as may have been the savage of that remote era, he still deserved, by cherishing hopes of a hereafter, the epithet of 'noble,' which Dryden gave to what he seems to have pictured to himself as the primitive condition of our race."*

In like manner, in the vast American continent, all its long isolated, and widely separated tribes, many of them in a state of lowest barbarism, and without any external ritual of religious worship, believed in happy hunting-grounds in the spirit-land beyond the grave, and the dead warrior was buried with his most useful weapons and precious ornaments.

"Bring here the last gifts; and with them
The last lament be said,
Let all that pleased and yet may please,
Be buried with the dead"

was no unmeaning funeral song, but involved the sacrifice of the most precious and prized objects, that the loved one might enter the new and untried state provided for its needs. Even the babe, whose life is usually accounted of so small value by savage tribes, was buried by the careful mother with precious strings of wampum, that had cost more days of patient labour than those of its short life, that it might purchase the fostering care of the inhabitants of that unknown yet surely believed-in region of immortality. This

"— wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul?"

Is it likely to have germinated in the brain of an ape? and if so, of what possible use would it be in the struggle of a merely physical existence? Is it not rather the remnant of a better spiritual life—a remembrance of the tree of life that grew in the paradise of God, a link of connection of the spiritual nature in man with a higher Divine spirit above? Life and immortality it is true were brought to light by Jesus Christ, but they existed as beliefs more or less obscure from the first, and formed the basis for good and evil of the religions of the world. Around this idea were gathered multitudes of collateral beliefs and religious observances: feasts and festivals for the dead; worship of dead heroes and ancestors; priestly intercessions and sacrifices for the dead; costly rites of sepulture. Vain and without foundation many of these have no doubt been, but they have formed a universal and costly testimony to an instinct of immortality, dimly glimmering even in the breast of the savage, and glowing with higher brightness in the soul of the Christian, but separated by an impassable gulf from anything derivable from a brute ancestry.

The theistic picture of primeval man is in harmony with the fact that men, as a whole, are, and always have been, believers in God. The evolutionist picture is not. If man had from the first not merely a physical and intellectual nature, but a spiritual nature as well, we can understand how he came into relation with God, and how through all his vagaries and corruptions he clings to this relation in one form or another; but evolution affords no link of connection of this kind. It holds God to be unknowable even to the cultivated intellect of philosophy, and perceives no use in ideas with relation to him, which according to it must necessarily be fallacious. It leaves the theistic notions of mankind without explanation, and it will not serve its purpose to assert that some few and exceptional families of men have no notion of a God. Even admitting this, and it is at best very doubtful, it can form but a trifling exception to a general truth.

It appears to me that this view of the case is very clearly put in the Bible, and it is curiously illustrated by a recent critique of "Mr. Darwin's Critics," by Professor Huxley in the "Contemporary Review." Mr. Mivart, himself a derivationist, but differing in some points from Darwin, had affirmed, in the spirit rather of a Romish theologian than of a Biblical student or philosopher, that "acts unaccompanied by mental acts of conscious will" are "absolutely destitute of the most incipient degree of goodness." Huxley well replies, "It is to my understanding extremely hard to reconcile Mr. Mivart's dictum with that noble summary of the whole duty of man, 'Thou

* "Antiquity of Man," p. 192.

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' According to Mr. Mivart's definition, the man who loves God and his neighbour, and out of sheer love and affection for both, does all he can to please them, is nevertheless destitute of a particle of real goodness.' Huxley's reply deserves to be pondered by certain moralists and theologians whose doctrine savours of the leaven of the Pharisees, but neither Huxley nor his opponent see the higher truth that in the love of God we have a principle far nobler and more God-like and less animal than that of mere duty. Man primeval, according to the doctrine of Genesis, was, by simple love and communion with his God, placed in the position of a spiritual being, a member of a higher family than that of the animal. The "knowledge of good and evil" which he acquired later, and on which is based the law of conscious duty, was a subsequent and less happy attainment, which placed him on a lower level than that of the unconscious love and goodness of primal innocence. No doubt man's sense of right and wrong is something above the attainment of animals, and which could never have sprung from them; but still more is this the case with his direct spiritual relation to God, which, whether it rises to the inspiration of the prophet or the piety of the Christian, or sinks to the rude superstition of the savage, can be no part of the Adam of the dust, but only of the breath of life breathed into him from above.

That man should love his fellow-man may not seem strange. Certain social and gregarious and family instincts exist among the lower animals, and Darwin very ably adduces these as akin to the similar affections of man; yet even in the law of love of our neighbour, as enforced by Christ's teaching, it is easy to see that we have something beyond animal nature. But this becomes still more distinct in the love of God. Man was the "shadow and likeness of God," says the old record in Genesis—the shadow that clings to the substance, and is inseparable from it, the likeness that represents it visibly to the eyes of men, and of the animals that man rules over. Primeval man could "hear in the evening breeze the voice of God, walking to and fro in the garden." What animal ever had or could attain to such an experience?

But if we turn from the Edenic picture of man in harmony with Heaven—"owning a father, when he owned a God"—to man as the slave of superstition; even in this terrible darkness of mistaken faith, of which it may be said,

" Fear makes her devils, and weak faith her Gods,
Gods partial, changeable, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes are rage, revenge, or lust,"

we see the ruins, at least, of that sublime love of God. The animal clings to its young with a natural affection, as great as that of a human mother for her child, but what animal ever thought of throwing its progeny into the Ganges, or into the fires of Moloch's altar, for the saving of its soul, or to obtain the favour, or avoid the wrath of God? No less in the vagaries of fetishism, ritualism, and idolatry, and in the horrors of asceticism and human sacrifice, than in the Edenic communion with and hearing of God, or in the joy of Christian love, do we see, in however ruined or degraded condition, the higher spiritual nature of man.

This point leads to another distinction which, when

properly viewed, widens the gap between man and the animals, or at least destroys one of the frail bridges of the evolutionists. Lubbock and others affect to believe that the lowest savages of the modern world must be nearest to the type of primeval man I have already in a previous paper attempted to show the fallacy of this. I may add here that in so holding they overlook a fundamental distinction, well pointed out by the Duke of Argyll, between the capacity of acquiring knowledge and knowledge actually acquired, and between the possession of a higher rational nature and the exercise of that nature in the pursuit of mechanical arts. In other words, primeval man must not be held to have been "utterly barbarous" because he was ignorant of mining or navigation, or of sculpture and painting. He had in him the power to attain to these things, but so long as he was not under necessity to exercise it, his mind may have expended its powers in other and happier channels. As well might it be affirmed that a delicately nurtured lady is an "utter barbarian" because she cannot build her own house, or make her own shoes. No doubt in such work she would be far more helpless than the wife of the rudest savage, yet she is not on that account to be held as an inferior being, or nearer to the animals. Our conception of an angelic nature implies the absence of all our social institutions and mechanical arts; but does this necessitate our regarding an angel as an "utter barbarian"? In short, the whole notion of civilisation held by Lubbock, and those who think with him, is not only low and degrading, but utterly and absurdly wrong; and of course it vitiates all our conceptions of primeval man as well as of man's future destiny. Further, the theistic idea implies that man was, without exhausting toil, to regulate and control nature, to rule over the animals, to cultivate the earth, to extend himself over it and subdue it; and all this as compatible with moral innocence, and at the same time with high intellectual and spiritual activity.

There is, however, a still nicer and more beautiful distinction involved in this, and included in the wonderful narrative in Genesis, so simple yet so much more profound than our philosophies; and which crops out in the same discussion of the critics of Darwin, to which I have already referred. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" had attempted to distinguish human reason from the intelligence of animals, as involving self-consciousness and reflection in our sensations and perceptions. Huxley objects to this, instancing the mental action of a greyhound when it sees and pursues a hare, as similar to that of the gamekeeper when he lets slip the hound. The illustration cuts deeper into the question than either the reviewer or his critic perceive. But I may give the statement in Huxley's words.*

" As it is very necessary to keep up a clear distinction between these two processes, let the one be called neurosis and the other psychosis. When the gamekeeper was first trained to his work, every step in the process of neurosis was accompanied by a corresponding step in that of psychosis, or nearly so. He was conscious of seeing something, conscious of making sure it was a hare, conscious of desiring to catch it, and therefore to loose the greyhound at the right time, conscious of the acts by which he let the

dog out of the leash. But with practice, though the various steps of the neurosis remain—for otherwise the impression on the retina would not result in the loosing of the dog—the great majority of the steps of the psychosis vanish, and the loosing of the dog follows unconsciously, or, as we say, without thinking about, upon the sight of the hare. No one will deny that the series of acts which originally intervened between the sensation and the letting go of the dog were, in the strictest sense, intellectual and rational operations. Do they cease to be so when the man ceases to be conscious of them? That depends upon what is the essence and what the accident of these operations, which taken together constitute ratiocination. Now, ratiocination is resolvable into predication, and predication consists in marking, in some way, the existence, the co-existence, the succession, the likeness and unlikeness, of things or their ideas. Whatever does this, reasons; and if a machine produces the effects of reason, I see no more ground for denying to it the reasoning power because it is unconscious, than I see for refusing to Mr. Babbage's engine the title of a calculating machine on the same grounds."

Here we have, in the first place, the singular fact that an action, in the first instance rational and complex, becomes by repetition simple and instinctive. Does the man then sink to the level of the hound, or, what is more to the purpose, does this in the least approach to showing that the hound can rise to the level of the man? Certainly not; for the man is the conscious planner and originator of a course of action in which the instincts of the brute are made to take part, and in which the readiness that he attains by habit only enables him to dispense with certain processes of thought which were absolutely necessary at first. The man and the beast co-operate, but they meet each other from entirely different planes; the former from that of the rational consideration of nature, the latter from that of the blind pursuit of a mere physical instinct. The one, to use Mr. Huxley's simile, is the conscious inventor of the calculating machine, the other is the machine itself, and, though the machine can calculate, this fact is the farthest possible from giving it the power of growing into or producing its own inventor. But Moses, or the more ancient authority from whom he quotes in Genesis, knew this better than either of these modern combatants. His special distinctive mark of the superiority of man is that he was to have dominion over the earth and its animal inhabitants, and he represents this dominion as inaugurated by man's examining and naming the animals of Eden, and finding among them no "help-meet" for him. Man was to find in them helps, but helps under his control, and that not the control of brute force, but of higher skill and of thought, and even of love—a control still seen in some degree in the relation of man to his faithful companion, the dog. These old words of Genesis, simple though they are, place the rational superiority of man on a stable basis, and imply a distinction between him and the lower animals which cannot be shaken by the sophistries of the evolutionists.

The theistic picture further accords with the fact that the geological time immediately preceding man's appearance was a time of decadence of many of the grander forms of animal life, especially in that area of the old continent where man was to appear. Whatever may be said of the imperfection of the geological record, there can be no question of the

fact that the Miocene and earlier Pliocene were distinguished by the prevalence of grand and gigantic forms of mammalian life, some of which disappeared in or before the Glacial period, while others failed after that period in the subsidence of the Post-glacial, or in connection with its amelioration of climate. The Modern animals are also, as explained in the previous series of these papers, a selection from the grander fauna of the Post-glacial period. To speak for the moment in Darwinian language, there was for the time an evident tendency to promote the survival of the fittest, not in mere physical development, but in intelligence and sagacity. A similar tendency existed even in the vegetable world, replacing the flora of American aspect which had existed in the Pliocene, with the richer and more useful flora of Europe and Western Asia. This not obscurely indicates the preparing of a place for man, and the removal out of his way of obstacles and hindrances. That these changes had a relation to the advent of man neither theist nor evolutionist can doubt, and it may be that we shall some day find that this relation implies the existence of a creative law intelligible by us; but while we fail to perceive any link of direct causation between the changes in the lower world, and the introduction of our race, we cannot help seeing that correlation which implies a far-reaching plan, and an intelligent design.

Finally, the evolutionist picture wants some of the fairest lineaments of humanity, and cheats us with a semblance of man without the reality. Shave and paint your ape as you may, clothe him and set him up upon his feet, still he fails greatly of the "human form divine;" and so it is with him morally and spiritually as well. We have seen that he wants the instinct of immortality, the love of God, the mental and spiritual power of exercising dominion over the earth. The very agency by which he is evolved is of itself subversive of all these higher properties. The struggle for existence is essentially selfish, and therefore degrading. Even in the lower animals, it is a false assumption that its tendency is to elevate; for animals when driven to the utmost verge of struggle for life, become depauperated and degraded. The dog which spends its life in snarling contention with its fellow-curs for insufficient food, will not be a noble specimen of its race. God does not so treat his creatures. There is far more truth to nature in the doctrine which represents him as listening to the young ravens when they cry for food. But as applied to man, the theory of the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, though the most popular phase of evolutionism at present, is nothing less than the basest and most horrible of superstitions. It makes man not merely carnal, but devilish. It takes his lowest appetites and propensities, and makes them his God and creator. His higher sentiments and aspirations, his self-denying philanthropy, his enthusiasm for the good and true, all the struggles and sufferings of heroes and martyrs, not to speak of that self-sacrifice which is the foundation of Christianity, are in the view of the evolutionist mere loss and waste, failure in the struggle of life. What does he give us in exchange? An endless pedigree of bestial ancestors, without one gleam of high or holy tradition to enliven the procession; and for the future, the prospect that the poor mass of protoplasm which constitutes the sum of our being, and which is the sole gain of an indefinite struggle in the past, must

soon be resolved again into inferior animals or dead matter. That men of thought and culture should advocate such a philosophy, argues either a strange mental hallucination, or that the higher spiritual nature has been wholly quenched within them. It is one of the saddest of many sad spectacles that our age presents. Still these men deserve credit for their bold pursuit of truth, or what seems to them to be truth; and they are, after all, nobler sinners than those who would practically lower us to the level of beasts by their negation even of intellectual life, or who would reduce us to apes, by making us the mere performers of rites and ceremonies, as a substitute for religion, or who would advise us to hand over reason and conscience to the despotic authority of fallible men dressed in strange garbs, and called by sacred names. The world needs a philosophy and a Christianity of more robust mould, which shall recognise, as the Bible does, at once body and soul and spirit, at once the sovereignty of God, and the liberty of man; and which shall bring out into practical operation the great truth that God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Such a religion might walk in the sunlight of truth and free discussion, hand in hand with science, education, liberty, and material civilisation, and would speedily consign evolution to the tomb which has already received so many superstitions and false philosophies.

Varieties.

CONVENT INSPECTION.—A case which has just been brought to light in Belgium is worthy of notice as bearing on a matter at home. A young woman having escaped from a lunatic asylum, made her way to the "Procureur du Roi" and inquired of him if he had received certain letters which she had sent him, complaining of the treatment she was receiving in the asylum. The letters had not been received, and the officials of the house pretended that the lunatic had never written any. But the incident gave the Procureur a happy thought. He has ordered to be placed in all lunatic asylums *safely-shut* letter-boxes, accessible to all patients, from which his own subordinates are to collect every week the letters addressed to him. Could not a similar device be adopted in England with great advantage? May we not also suggest that, as the Roman Catholics seem to have such influence as to counteract Mr. Newdegate's efforts for the much-needed inspection of convents, their opposition might be to some extent met by the practical plan mentioned above? It could offend no one's dignity, nor would it trench upon the legitimate privacy of any one's house.—*Weekly Review*.

BOOKS.—The number of books in the public libraries of France is estimated at 6,233,000. The public libraries of Great Britain, strange to say, although the British Museum collection at London has half a million, do not boast more than 2,000,000 volumes. On the other hand, Italy has 4,150,000, but most of these are old and costly works, chiefly on ecclesiastical topics. Austria has 2,500,000, and Prussia nearly the same number. Russia has no more than 1,000,000 separate works in her libraries,—a very trifling quota, the reader will say, for so vast a country, with 60,000,000 inhabitants. In Bavaria there are 1,300,000 library volumes; and in Belgium about 525,000. Spain has about 1,200,000 books in her public institutions, of which 300,000 are in the National Library at Madrid, and the archives of the kingdom contain an immense number of manuscripts. We have no means of exactly knowing the number of volumes in all the public libraries of the United States, but they are hardly equal to that recorded for France. The sum total of 20,000,000 would, undoubtedly, be a very liberal aggregate for the public libraries of the entire world, or about one volume to every sixty persons. At the present rate of book-work, however, it is very probable that ere the lapse of

another century, through the accelerated ratio of collection, the astonishing reduction of prices, and the exquisite attractiveness of form and illustration, there may be as many volumes brought together thus as there will be inhabitants on our globe. The publishers of Christendom produce thousands of new works every year, and the popular appetite but grows by what it feeds on. Cumulative ratios mount high in the course of one hundred years. China and Japan have only just begun to appear on the horizon of the trade, and they represent 500,000,000 of minds to supply. The Russian Empire, as we have seen, is but touched on the surface, and in all there are fully 800,000,000 of human beings who, fifty years hence, will be accessible to print and eager for it. Here, certainly, is a cheering prospect for the next generation of book-makers in every branch of the business, from the pale writer in his study to the paper-maker who supplies the material on which the product of that writer's brain is scribbled and then printed. All the minor branches of trade allied with the leading one, have an interest in this progress; but the highest and noblest consideration of all is the spread of light and truth, and the elevation of the human soul.—*New York Mercantile Journal*.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN INDIA.—At the International Prison Congress Dr. Mouatt read a valuable paper on "The Prison Discipline System of India, and more especially of the Bengal Province," of which Dr. Mouatt was for several years inspector-general. The average number of prisoners was about 15,000, and the average cost about £5 per-head. Remunerative labour was the basis of the system, and in the province of Bengal 40 per cent. of the cost of maintenance was paid for out of the prisoners' labour. The classification of prisoners was adopted as far as possible, and whilst in prison some useful handicraft was taught them. One of the peculiarities of the Indian system was that prisoners were employed in the maintenance of prison discipline, so that in India they had resolved the question—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* As far as he could ascertain, the industrial training system had worked admirably in India.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN CHURCHES.—As a historical record the following statement is worth preserving, as showing the decided views held by many good men in Scotland as to the use of organs in public worship:—"For my part, I am persuaded that, if the organ be admitted, there is no barrier in principle against the sacerdotal system in all its fulness—against the substitution again in our whole religion of the formal for the spiritual, the symbolical for the real. . . . I believe that it is a question which touches some of the highest and deepest points of Christian theology. Is the Temple destroyed? Is the Temple worship wholly superseded? Have we, or have we not, priests and sacrifices among us now? . . . It may break us up even more than we are broken up already. It must interpose a new obstacle to union. Our friends who would like to see the organ introduced cannot possibly consider it a necessity—at the most, it is a luxury. Let them not purchase it too dearly."—*Rev. Dr. Candlish*.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' HOMES.—With regard to cottage accommodation, a landlord ought to feel a pride in having the working-classes properly housed on his estate. Those who worked from morning to night should find a comfortable house, which would promote their moral and social well-being. He had endeavoured to improve the cottages on his own estate, and he felt pride and satisfaction in having his workmen properly housed.—*H. R. H. the Prince of Wales at Norwich*.

HOLLAND HOUSE.—Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. . . . The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets and squares and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. . . . They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals."—*Lord Macaulay*.